

The Forced 85

Chapter 85

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Barely minnes later, two guards dragged a screaming and kicking Sabrina into the King's study. The guards bowed deeply and fored Sabrina to her knees, holding her arms at an odd angle. Your majesty. We found her, about to sneak out of the palace"

"I wasn't sneaking Sabrina screamed, her eyes glared daggers at the guard who had spoken,

"Your majesty, this is-

"Not now, Nitra." The king said, dismissing her with a wave. He walked up to Sabrina, and she instantly went still. Her tearful eyes looked up at him, wide and misty.

Your majesty. I didn't..."

"Is it true?" he asked, "that you are a witch"

She looked behind him at Acheron, and deep betrayal flashed in her eyes. In that moment, the king knew that something had been going on between her and Acheron. A secret confrontation of some sort.

"I don't know." She said, a heavy sigh on her lips.

The king felt torn.

This narrative of her being a witch checked everything out. He knew that Acheron would never lie to him, no. They had too many decades behind them for the petty foolery that was lying. The king knew that Acheron would gladly lay down his life if he so much as asked him to do it.

Sabrina had always been someone he didn't understand. She resisted his compulsion. That was impossible. Even Acheron couldn't resist his compulsion, despite how powerful he was. Sabrina has a fast healing ability. Everything about her was shrouded in mystery. It made sense that she could be a witch,

"You lied to me." The king said, his voice carrying a deep sense of pain.^wW.w.©OVèllwO(r)(m).(c)oM

"No... I didn't! I swear I didn't!"

All along, she has pretended to be normal. She had been good at it, flawless even.

The penalty for such a crime would be instant death. He would order his men to execute her immediately. It wouldn't take fifteen minutes. And she would be dead.

But as he looked at her, he couldn't bring himself to give such a verdict.

Just last night she was in his bed, her body under his. And now she's knelt before him, guilty of deceiving him for months.

"Your majesty," Nifra said, her tone shaky. The king looked at her. Her eyes pleased with him, her head bowed low. "Please have mercy. Please remember how she..." Sabrina sobbed quietly. Her head hung low, and her posture was that of a defeated woman. She had given up. She fully expected her death now.

"Lock her up in her room till I say otherwise. You're to keep guard at all times. If she escapes, I will have both

your heads."

1/3

14:08 Wed, Nov 20

Chapter 85

Her head snapped up and she looked at him. "My king. She gasped, and he couldn't tell if she was relieved or horrified.

My king. He was beginning to notice a pattern in how she chose in address him.^wW.©.Ño©eLW0Rm.com

He turned away from her, so he wouldn't see the sight of her tears that made his heart ache. "Take her away. Nifra, go with them."

"Yes, your majesty."

The moment they were out, Acheron rushed to the king's side, You should have her executed." He said.

"I don't appreciate being told what to do, Acheron. You of all people should know that."

"This isn't about that, and you know it. You should have her executed."

The king turned and looked at his dear friend. "I will not do that

"What if she tries to kill you?"

The king scoffed. "She won't be killed. And that's final."

"Because I'm telling you to do it?"

"Because I have passed my judgement already, Acheron. Thank you for bringing this to my attention. You may leave now."

"Bullshit." Acheron spat.

The kings left eye twitched. "What did you just say?" He glowered, his tone dark and heavy.

"I said bullshit, your majesty. That's fucking bullshit and we both know it."

The air became heavy, hard to breath in. Acheron took a step back, but the king hadn't moved again all. "Acheron, you're getting on my last nerve." He said, his tone full of controlled anger.

"I understand, it wasn't hard to see that something was going on between you two. I noticed, from the very first day. Acheron took a tentative step closer. The king looked at him, his eyes darted to the staff in his hands and back to his face. "That's not my problem. But I...I thought it was just harmless fun."

"Harmless fun?"

"That's where I knew something was wrong. You aren't that kind of man. So what happened?"

The king was silent, watching him like a predator that was about to pounce.

"You've fallen for her, have you?".

"That's madness."

"Then she's out a spell on you. I don't know how else to explain it."

The king felt insulted that he would reduce his feelings to the side effects of a spell.

"And what's worse, I know

you

knew."

"Knew what?"

"What she was. You're too powerful to not notice that something was wrong with her. You knew it. And you...you went ahead to keep her."

9/3

Chapter 85

True, the king knew that Salgina wasn't normal. Partly why he was keeping her around was because he didn't know what she was and wanted to know the answer to that. The other part was because he couldn't explain why he felt so drawn to her. A dangerous combination.

At first he had suspected she was a vampire or has vampire blood. But that was quickly discarded.

A witch. Now she outdid herself.

"Your majesty," Acheron came closer and put a hand on his shoulder. The king tensed at the touch, and it took a lot for him not to pull away. "I don't like this. This girl. She should be killed. I saw her powers in person. I saw what she could do. I've never seen something like that."^wW.w.πOve!W0©m.(c)(o)m

"I'm not killing her. And do not dare reduce my feelings to a spell. You think I won't know if I'm under a spell?"

"At this point, with what she is, I'm not so sure anymore."

The king slapped Acheron's hand off his shoulder in annoyance. "Get out."

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